THE STORY-TELLING MACHINE.

Being the Queer Object Found by Buster John, Sweetest Susan, Drusilla and Billy Biscuit, Under the Quidance of Wally Wanderson.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Company

on asked the children about what they ght of the story. They were not as usiastic about it as the droll little man ald desire. Drusilla was especially cool ad she was the only one who replied to

"Huh!" exclaimed Drusilla, "you sholy don't speck me ter tell no good story in dish yer place whar de hills runs bofe backerds an' forreds, an' whar you hatter cown sideways fer ter keep fum falling

Drusilla's desire was to tell no story many years had been popular with negro girls between the age of 12 and 20. It may be called

MISS LIZA AND THE KING.

"I tell you all right now," said Drusilla,
"I dumner nothin' 'tall 'bout dis tale but
de tellin' un it. I dunner whar de folks
live at, ner what dey wuz doin' far, ner

"In de tale dey's a king, but I dunner wharbouts he was a kingin' it at. Ef you vant ter know de name er de country an' kinder folks dey wuz, you'll hatter a a name fer ter suit you, an' figger

all de balance out in yo' own min'.

"Well, one time dey wuz a King, an' he wus a mighty man. He fit here, and he fout dar, an' he kep' on doin' dataway, twel bimeby he got tired er strowin' de face er de yeth with dead folks, an' he say ter himse'f he b'lieve he'll look aroun, an' see of he can't git a job what dey's me fun in dan dey is in fightin'. So he looked aroun', de King did, an' bimeby he art one or de oi' men 'bout it.

"De oi' man, he sorter comb his long gray beard wid his finger nails, an' atter

he ax de King of he yever think 'bout hernin' a trade. De King ax him what he mean, an' de ol' man say dat 'cordin' ter his notion, a man, king or no king, can do me' good by makin' a pair er shoes dan he kin by killin' a man.

Die made de King bite his thumb. man was one or de smartest men in all whole settlement, an' when dey was things ter talk about, he was allers one er de fust ones dey went ter hear.

thumb. After a while he 'low:

"How long will it take a man fer la'rn de shosmakin' trade?'

"De ol' man—I dunner what his n "How long will it take a man fer ter ter de shoemakin' trade?"
"De ol' man—I dunner what his name us—he make answer dat a right bright an mought l'arn it in six or sev'm mont's, as mought l'arn it in six or sev'm mont's, as mought l'arn it in six or sev'm mont's, as mought l'arn it in six or sev'm mont's, as he speck it'll take de King 'bout a year, and 'den he laugh, an' dis look like it make he say dat he got a shop 'er dis own, a' he'll be glad ter show all de ins an' its er de business.

"But still de King bite his thumb. He ow:
"Whe gwineter do de kingin' while I'm akin' shoes?"
"Whe gwineter do de kingin' while I'm akin' shoes?"
"De ol' man say dat ain't nothin', kase 's's heap harder fer ter make a good pair rabose dan what it is fer ter do de kingin' hen dey's so many ter he'p 'im, an' he mat en's de sk kingin' an' l'arn how ter alke shoes at de same time. So de King is now dat I ain't gwineter marry no shoemaker, kaze ever since I been born late an's de kingin' an' l'arn how ter silve shoes at de same time. So de King is look like sorted in the look at her an' she look at him, an' de lo' will be glad ter show all de ins an' the look at her an' she look at him, an' de lo' will be say: 'You got mighty purty ones.'
"She say: 'You got mighty purty ones.'
"He 'low: 'Yo up of mighty purty ones.'
"She say: 'You got mighty purty ones.'
"He 'low: 'A hungry man'll say moe' an' he want sayin' nothin'.
"He 'low: 'A hungry man'll say moe' an' he want sayin' nothin'.
"He 'low: 'You got mighty purty ones.'
"Wild dat she whipt out er de room an' low: "De man say dat he man' de King dat he an' de King dat he an' to triple any that it got serve he so good as ter sen' his dinner, an' de new man how come de King make wun doin' mo' thinkin' dan talkin', an' he want sayin' nothin'.
"De man 'de Mel an' in the look at her an' shoes him ter for both want an' doin on the rin wus he make answer dat a right bright man mought l'arn it in six or sev'm mont's, but he speck it'll take de King 'bout a year. Den de King wanter know whar de best place fer ter 'larn shoemakin', an' de ol' man he say dat he got a shop 'er dis own, an' he'll be glad ter show all de ins an' outs er de business.
*But still de King bite his thumb. He

it's a heap harder for ter make a good pair or shose dan what it is for ter do de kingin' when dey's so many ter he'p 'im, an' he

he 'low dat he'd try his han' one whet ef it hilled every cow in de island."
"Ellied every cow in the island?" ex-claimed Wally Wanderoon. "What on earth ild be mean by that?"

"It's dos a sayin," replied Drusilla. "He sen he gwineter l'arn in spite er every-in'."

"Well, do nex' mornin' he got up bright a' early an' had a soon brekfus, an' while was pickin' his toofies he to!' his folks and dom what help him do de kingin' dat he wun gwineter spen' de day out, an' he wunich't be home 'fo' night. Den he went in a liette outhouse dey had on de place,

in a little outhouse dey had on de place, an' put on a rough suit er close an' put out fer de shop whar de ol; man an' his men made shoes.

"When de King got dar, dey wus all dar an' peggin', away des es hard ez dey kin. A yeung 'oman met 'im at de door an' she

winter Farn how ter make shoes?

"De King, he make answer dat he wuz.

Wid dat de gal toes her head an's asy:

"Well, you'll hatter git quicker lick dan

ast. My daddy ain't gwineter have no

addin' rous' an' hangin' back. Dar's yo'

beach right over dar in de corner, whar

sebody won't bodder you, an' you won't

bedder nobody.

"De King, he look at de make it."

beach right ever dar in de corner, what nebody won't bedder pobody.

The King, he look at de gal an' low:

"I blieve I'd larn twice ez quick ef I had pen fee ter show me'—desso.

"Be gal, she make a low bow"—Drusilla canabat hold of her dress and showed how it was done, and her mimiory was so droll and comical that the others laughed heartily—"de gal she make a low bow an' say:
I thank you mightly, but ef you'll scuzen se, I'll be much erbleege!"

"De King, he look at her an' laugh. He says he dunner whedder he'll scuzen her end. Wid dat she flirted out, ripe mad'en' bimeby de daddy come in, lookin' mighty sollum.

"He looked roun', he did, an low, so dey his hear 'im:

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"To the ex my onliest daughter, an' de nez' time one or you-all sassies her I'm gwineter tell de King, an' I boun' you wus confabbin' wi'd de King,' de new man say. Now you all mustn't fergit dat dish yer new man in de shop wuz de King hisself," remarked Drusilla confidentially. "De new man said I seed you, an' I 'low'd ter myse'f ter my, se'f dat de King, an't so much nicer an' purtler dan what some yuther folks is."

"Dat's ex maybe,' de ol' shoemaker sey; 'but ef any er you-all up an' sassy like Liss I'll run right straight an' tell de King."

"He looked roun', he de King say, 'de kin', I'd way, 'de kin', 'I'd way, 'de k

hear you puttin' yo'se'f upon de same flatform wid him.'

"'Maybe dat's so,' de new man say; 'but
ev'ry word you hear me say 'bout de King
I'll say ter his face; an' mo' dan dat, ef
he wuz ter fool wid me I'd pull his whiskers
fer him. I has done it 'fo' now.' Wid dat
he gun his own whiskers a twitch.

"Well, Miss Lizza, she fetched a gasp
an' stood dar lookin' at de man. She 'low:

"Does you mean ter set dar flat-footed
an' tell me dat you done pull de King's
whiskers?'

an' tell me dat you done pull de King's whiskers?'
"De man make answer: 'Dat's what I said; an' ef you don't believe me you fetch de King here whar I kin git my hands on him.'
"Miss Liza cotch her breff ag'n, an' stood dar lookin' at de man. She wuz done struck dumb by de way he talk. Den she happen ter see dat man' han' wuz bleedin' an' she whirl roun' dar an' fix him up a little flap er leather fer ter fit de pan er his han', an' whilst she wuz 'bout it she showed him how ter use de awl an' de hammer, an' how ter put de hog bristle in de th'ead, an' how ter make de holes fer de pegs.

pegs.

De man wuz a King, but dat ain't hender

De man wuz a King, but dat ain't hender him fum larnin' fer ter be a shoemaker—it mought er help him on. Miss Liza never had larn't, an' yit she could set right down an' make a shoe wid de best un um.

"De new man, which wuz de King, he ax Miss Liza ef she show all de yuthers how ter make shoes. She toss her head an' stick out her chin, an' ax de man ef he ain't sorter weak in de head. Den she laugh an' run out de room.

"When dinner time come, all de yuthers stop work an' tuck der baskets an' went out in de yard an' set in de sun an' et der dinners—all'oep' de King. Not bein' use' ter dem kinder doin's he had come off widout fetchin' his dinner, an' so he sot der an' hammered on de shoes whilst de yuthers wuz 'joyin' deyse'f.

"Miss Liza settin' at de table hear de hammer gwine, and she ax her daddy who wus dat workin' when dey oughter be eatin'. De ol' man, he wag his head an' laugh, an' say it mus' be de new man.

De ol' man, he wag his head an' laugh, an' say it mus' be de new man.

"Miss Liza, she jump up fum de table an' run an' peep thoo de shop door, an' sho nuff, dar was de new man peggin' away at de shoes, an' wo'kin' like some un wuz drivin' 'im. Den she went .n.

"De King hear de noise she make, but he ain't look up. He des went on wid his work like dey want nothin' in de warl' dat smell like dinner. Miss Liza, she say:

"Why don't you eat yo' dinner wid de rest un um?"

reet un um?'
"De King, he low: 'Dey ain't none un um Den Miss Liza say: 'Whyn't you fetch De King low: Why, I come off dis mornin

an' clean forgot it.'
"'It's a wonder,' Miss Liza say, 'dat
you didn't forgit yo' hat.'

"It's a wonder, Miss Lizz say, 'dat you didn't forgit yo' hat.'
"De King laugh an' den he 'low: 'Dat des zackly what I went an' done, an' had ter go way back atter it; dat how come I wuz so late!"
"He looked at her an' she look at him, an' den he laugh, an' dis look like it make her git red in de face.
"She say: 'You got mighty brazen eyes.'
"He 'low: 'You got mighty purty ones.'
"She say: 'Don't be impident.'
"He 'low: 'A hungry man'll say mos' anything.'
"Wid dat she whipt out er de room an' bimeby here she come back wid a tray full er vittles an' sot it down by him. He look at her right hard an' 'low:
"When I git ter be King I'll make you de Queen.'

daddy calling her ter dinner. De King he 'low.

"You'll hatter scuzen me fer keepin' you fum yo' dinner; I'm mighty sorry."

"Miss Liza, she toes her head at dat an' say, 'Well, you neenter be sorry. I hope you ain't got de idee in yo' head dat I wus stayin' out here kaze you er here. Ef you is you git you a fine toof comb an' git it out.

"De King, he 'low, 'Oh, no; I ain't got no idea like dat. I don't even believe dat you fotch me any vittles out here. It wuz fer some un else.'

"Miss Lize bein' kinder high-falutin'

idea like dat. I don't even believe dat you fotoh me any vittles out here. It wuz fer some un else.

"Miss Liza, bein' kinder high-falutin', want use to dat kinder talk. She start fer to say sump'n sassy, but des den she hear her daddy call her, an' she says, 'Yasser, I'm comin'!' an' when she turn fer ter look back de King wuz des a-laughin' fit ter kill.

"When she got back in de dinin' room she ax her daddy who de new men is er mought be. Her daddy make answer dat de new man mought be a heap of folks, but he ain't

"Den Miss Liza ax what de new man's name, an' her daddy say dat sc fur as he know de man is name Bobby Raw. Dis make Miss Liza laugh, an' she say ter herse'f dat she'd teil de yuther men 'bout de name, an' see ef dey can't have some fun out er de new man, which he know des ez much 'bout makin' shoes ez he did 'bout makin' moonshine.

"But she fergot about it atter dinner. an' she fergot about it de nex' mornin', De new man come, but still he ain't bring no dinner.

"Miss Liza ax him what de reason he

De new man come, but still he ain't bring no dinner.

"Miss Liza ax him what de reason he ain't fetch his dinner basket. De new man low dat dey ain't no use fer ter be fetchin' vittles ter dat house whar dey wuz a soft-hearted an' purty youn' oman ready fer ter fix up dinner fer whomso-ever mought be hongry.

"Miss Liza 'low, 'Well, dat's whar youer much mistaken. I gi' you yo' dinner yistiddy kaze I wuz sorry fer you, but I ain't gwine ter gi' you none terday, kaze you done had time fer ter make all de 'rangerments!"

"De new man, which he wus de King,

Miss Liss I'll run right straight an' tell de King.

"Ef I wus in yo' place,' de King say, I wouldn't de nothin' er de kin'; I'd des sen' a man atter de King an' tell 'im you wanter see 'im.'

"Wid dat de ol' shoemaker went on in de front er de shop whar he had shoes fer ter sell. Miss Liss she wus lis'nin' at de do', an' when she heard de new man talkin' so familious like 'bout de King abe say ter herred' dat whatsoms wer else he may be shoen'd un, he sholy ain't skeer'd er de King; an' de way she put it down wus dat a man what wa'n't skeer'd er de King wa'n't sheer'd er nothin'.

"To twa'n't long 'fo' she make out she sho had seene business in de shop, an' whilst he in der she look at de new man; an' she she had at the look but ence, 'fo' she seed dat he she's knew mo' bout makin' shoes dan is seen in de shoop. She look at de new man; an' she sain't had ter look but ence, 'fo' she seed dat he she's knew mo' bout makin' shoes dan is seen in de shoop. She bow:

"He say, 'To' daddy say he gwine ter larn me how; but you see how ter—he think mass' se much er de King es he do er me.'

"He say, 'To' daddy say he gwine ter larn me how; but you see how ter—he think mass' se much er de King es he do er me.'

"Miss Lisa, ahe laugh fit ter kill. She say: 'Well, den, when de King sen' yo' dinner I'll put it on de table fer you, an' mebte I'll he'p you est it.

"De King say: 'You'll sholy be welcome, Miss Liza; none mo' so; but I ain't so mighty certain dat de King's cook is

any better dan' de one what fixes up de vittles in dis house.

"Dis make Miss Liza blush, kaze she wur de one what done de cookin', an' she sho did do it well, des like de King say. She 'low: "Well, of all de man what my daddy hire, youer de freest wid yo' tongue, an' ef he know'd how you went on he'd sen' you packin' out er dis house.'

"De King say, 'I hear 'im coming now an' ef you don't tell 'im I'll tell 'im myself." Mis Liza got red in de face. She wur madder dan a settin' hen. She shook her finger at de new man an' 'low:

"Ef you say a word ter my daddy you'll not git no dinner here dis day—you hear dat!"

"Well, de ole shoemaker, he come in 'bout det time an' 'be look 'rour', he did an' ax

dat!"
"Well, de ole shoemaker, he come in 'bout dat time, an' he look 'roun', he did, an' ax how day all gittin' on widder work. He look at de new man, which he wuz de King, an' he 'low:

"You don't seem cut out fer make shoes; you done got dat sole on hin' side befo', an' I be bless ef you ain't got de heel on de

an' I be bless ef you ain't got de neel on de toe.'

"De new man say. "Taint dat de sole's on hin' side befo'; it's de way Miss Liza tell me fer ter put de last.'

"Miss Liza say, 'Ain't you 'shame er yo'se'f? I never tol' you how ter put no last. Don't you b'lieve 'im, daddy.'

"De ole shoemaker, he laugh an' say dat not sence Miss Liza been born has she been so much in love wid shoemakin' ez during de las' two er th'ee days.

"I noticed it yistiddy,' he say, 'an' I'm havin' a new bench made fer 'er, an' I'm gwineter put it in de corner dar so she kin show you all how ter make a shoe."

"Dis kinder talk rile Miss Liza so dat she fiirt out er de room an' nobody don't see

"Dis kinder talk rile Miss Lizz so dat she
flirt out er de room an' nobody don't see
'er in de shop tell atter de dinner bell rung.
When she looked in all de hands had done
gone out in de sunshine fer ter eat der dinner, ceppin' de new man, an' he wuz settin'
dar makin' shoes backerds, an' puttin'
pegs in de wrong place an' doin' purty nigh
eve'thin' dat a shoemaker wouldn't er done
hut he ain't got no dinner.

ter sen' yo' dinner, I reckon.'
De new man say, 'Gi' in time, des gi i'm
time; an' ef he fergit ter sen' it, why we'll
know dat only one out er many is settin'

time; an' ef he fergit ter sen' it, why we'll know dat only one out er many is settin' here hongry.

"Wid dat Miss Liza got blazin' mad. She firred 'roun de shop a time er two an', low; "You ain't fit ter have no dinner, an' dis de las' time I'm gwine ter fix you any. I don't see what you come yer fer anyhow. You know mighty well dat you couldn't make a shoe 'ef yo' life depended on it. You ain't been here two days yit, an' you done git me mo' worry dan all de rest er hands put tergedder.

"Well, des about dat time dey wuz a big noise at de door, an' Miss Liza look out an' dar wuz a coach an' four; an' on de inside wuz dem what had de King's dinner. Dey 'fotch it, in dey did, an' Miss Liza jump roun' an' show um whar ter put it; an' den dey bowed low an' say.

"Dinner fer de new han' wid de compelerments er de King."

"Dat dinner make Miss Liza open her eyes. De dishes wuz bofe gol' an' silver, an' de men what fitch um got in de coach an' druv off widout sayin' whedder dey wuz comin' back atter de dishes er not. You better b'lieve dat all dis open folk's eyes, an' it kinder sot Miss Liza ter ruminatin.

"Anyhow, she sot de dishes on de table an' de new han' went in an' et whar de fambly tuck der meals. An' den, atterwuds, she wash de dishes an' look at um good. Dey had de King's name out in um—Bobby Raw."

Buster John was obliged to laugh at this, the name sounded so funny, and Drusilla brought it out so unexpectedly.

"You neenter laugh," exclaimed Drusilla; "dis ain't no funny tale, an' dat wuz de King's name—dey ain't no two ways about chet, when Miss Liza see dis, she put chestivitie' can she did an' an' av here'

shoemaker, kaze ever since I been born I been smellin' leather an' shoemaker's wax, an' mo' dan dat, I been beerin' dem shoe hammers tell it look like sometimes dey'll run me crazy. No, sireel no shoemaker fer me!"

"De King he et his dinner slow, an' smack his mouf. He 'low dat he aln't had sech a good dinner sence de day befo', an' Miss Liza, she look at him fer ter see what he mean, an' he look back at her tell she hatter break out in a big laugh. She say:

"Whatever you is er mought be, you ain't no shoemaker, kaze you dunner how ter make a shoe. Purty nigh all de work you done dar is totally wrong, an' it'll all hatter be ripped out an' done over ag'in. Mo' den dat, you ain't never done no hard work, kaze yo' han' soft, an' yo' finger nails look like you got somebody fer ter take keer un um.'

"De King, he et his vittles an' smack his mouf, an' den he look at Miss Liza an' she look at him, an' bimeby she hear her daddy calling her ter dinner. De King he 'low."

"Well, you neenter be sorry.'

"Miss Liza, she toes her head at dat an' say, 'Well, you neenter be be sorry.'

"Miss Liza, she toes her head at dat an' say,' Well, you neenter be sorry.'

"Miss Liza, she toes her head at dat an' say,' well, you neenter be sorry.'

"Bo King, he 'low,' Oh, no; I ain't got no idea like dat. I don't even believe dat you foto me any vittles out here. It wus fer some un ejse.'

HOTELS STARTED WRONG. a Philosophical Cop.

The philosophic policeman tipped back the brim of his helmet, pulled down his cuffs and pointed to a brick building painted white that stood on the opposite corner.
"I don't think I'm a fatalist, if that's what you call it," he said, "but I've had opportunities in my business to see that some people get started wrong and never

have a fair chance.

"It's the same thing with buildings.
They get a bad name in the beginning, and that seems to settle them.

"That house on the corner was put up as a hotel nearly thirty years ago. It was intended to be all right, but the owner happened to lease it to the wrong kind of man, and within six months after it was opened the police were in the place. Practically they've never been out of it since

opened the police were in the place. Practically they've never been out of it since that time.

"The building has been sold several times and some of the owners have tried to make it different. But in one way or another it always seemed to drift back to its old character. If it hadn't been for that wrong start in the first place the old hotel might have been all right.

"Almost the same fate overtook another hotel that used to be on my beat uptown. Nobody ever knew why it was a failure It stood on a site that gave light on four sides, occupying all of a small block. It ought to have been crowded all the time but it was nearly always empty, and one landlord after another came to grief there.

"After it was such a failure as a respectable hotel there was naturally an attempt to carry it along on the other plan. That prospered for a while, but there could not have been much money even in that.

"Landlords came and went. Half the time the house was closed altogether, and in spite of all its attractions the building was a hoodoo. It will probably remain one until it is pulled down altogether.

"Now it is closed, half its windows have been broken by the boys in the streets, and it is ripe for the wreckers to tear it down and make way for some more fortunate structure. One thing must have compensated the owners for all their disappointments. The site has increased enormously in value since it was bought twenty years ago, and in spite of all its vicinsitudes the hotel may ultimately uring fortune to the men who built it."

THE COURTING OF THE ENGINEER.

A Romance of the Railroad That Was Helped Along by a Collision.

Strictly speaking there were two of them, with only a short forty-mile run intervening,

It happened in this wise. Larrison was running the Fast Mail with his regular en-gine, the big 619. Train No. 7, the Pacific Flyer, was badly off time; and the Mail, which had left the Missouri River terminal six hours later, overtook the passenger at Grand Butte. Here the division dispatcher made a slip.

The Mail's time was faster than that of the delayed flyer, hence Despatcher Perkins should have let it pass No. 7 at the Butte. But Perkins gave 7 the order to go; and ten minutes later he let the Mail follow. As it chanced, I was a passenger on No. 7 that morning; the guest of Supt. Blaisdell, of the Prairie Division. Our car, which was the superintendent's private office-on-wheels, was the last in the long train. Through the plate-glass rear windows we had frequent glimpses of the Mail as Lar-rison whisked into the tangents just as we

were leaving them. "If we were on the other side of the hill that young Berserker would have a good chance to repeat MacCartney's bad break," remarked the superintendent, chewing grimly on his half-burned cigar. I nedded. MacCartney was one of the

Mail engineers who, under precisely similar conditions, had chased No. 7 to within a and's breadth of a rear-end colfision. "Perkins will doubtless hold us at the nummit and let the Mail pass," I ventured.

But again the despatcher missed his opportunity. And a few minutes later the chase had transferred itself to the western slope, with the added hazard of a precipitous down-grade to make it more exciting. "Say, by Georgel this thing is getting interesting!" said the superintendent, when McGrath, our engineer, slammed the long Flyer at a curve in a way to make our heavy special flirt with her trucks like a light-

footed dancer trying to kick off the clogs. I glanced up at the dial of the speed measuring mechanism with which the special car was fitted. The index had passed the sixty-mile-an-hour mark, and was still mounting by imperceptible jerks. And Larrison, with his ten-minute handicap now cut down to less than one, was cing us so evenly that we might have been

towing him with a hawser.

The catastrophe came on a bit of straight track near the bottom of the hill. A herd of range cattle browsing near the line took a notion to stampede and cross ahead of us. McGrath's whistle shrieked the danger signal, and the pointer of our speed recorder dropped like the arm of a miniature sema-

guest were doing involuntary somersaults on the brown plain to right and left of the rear platform, and Teddy Larrison had earned his vacation without pay. It was a pretty bad smash; though, thanks

to the vestibule and the empty private car to take the force of the blow, there were no lives lost. But big 619 had ploughed a third of the way through Mr. Blaisdell's Larrison was the only cool atom in

"You fellows had ought to kep' out o' my way," he growled, when we had dug

Butte lies the seigniory of one Barton Howison, cattle king, and thither Teddy betook himself at the beginning of his month of leisure. Now from the Bad Lands to the Three Tetons you would not find a curster Lab racijita than this man Howison. But

Three Tetons you would not find a curster Ish nacite than this man Howison. But he had taken a fancy to Teddy; and Teddy, like every other unattached bachelor in the Chugwater country, was desperately in love with Mary Howison.

Teddy's standing with the cattle king dated back to the time when he was pulling fast freights. Howison had driven into the Butte one day with a train load of prime beef. The Chicago market was up and poising for a plunge; wherefore time in transit meant money.

Ted happened to be sent out on that particular run, and he gave Howison and the beef outfit the ride of their lives. By consequence, the cattle king, known far and wide as a hater of railroad men on principle, gave him the latch string of the ranch house to pull when he pleased.

The ranch was thirty miles from the Butte as the crow files. But the mail run, with its thirty-six-hour-layover at the division station, brought possibilities. By dint of a little practice a man may learn to catch catnaps in the saddle, and Teddy ambled it back and forth between town and the Howison ranch when he was supposed to be sleeping the clock around.

It was matter of course that he should be jeered unmercifully by the men. He

be sleeping the clock around.

It was matter of course that he should be jeered unmercifully by the men. He took it all in good part till one day old man Targis revived a tradition to the effect that Bart Howison was an escaped convict from one of the Southern States Then he struck back smartly.

"It's a lie, and you all know it," he retorted. "The livin' last one of you dassent hint that to Bart Howison's face!"

Targis laughed.

Targis laughed.

"Mebbe not. But if I were you I wouldn't mix up too thick with the family, Buddy."

"If an ourang-outang on this railroad wants to make my business his busi-

A chorus of derisive groans drowned the A chorus of derisive groans drowned the defiance, and so the matter rested.

It was during the final week of Larison's enforced vacation that a short-whiskered man with sleepy eyes arrived at the Butte one morning on the Flyer and put up at the Arroyo Hotel. Then this whisper went around that he was an officer of some sort looking for his man. Its effect on the colony at Grand Butto was interesting. There were mysterious disappearances not a few.

As you would suppose, the town grinned broadly every time a man dropped out; grinned and looked to see the short-whiskered one give chase. But as yet he had made no sign.

One afternoon I chanced to be the only other occupant o the shaded porch, and he removed his cigar to say:

"Wasn't some buddy tellin' me you was a lawyer?"

"Possibly."

"Possibly."
"Then maybe you can tell me what I want to know. They tell me the Government ain't just the same in the Territories as 'tis in the States."

I replied that the Government was the same, for all practical purposes, and he went on.

on.

"I got some papers to serve, and I didn't know whether they'd hold out here or not."

"It will hold all right if it was properly issued. Have you found your man?"

He shook his head.

"It's a girl I'm lookin' for. Black eyes, brown hair with a glint o' red in it, the prettiest meuth you ever saw, and a trimbuilt, tight little figger to match. When I find her, I'll know where to find my man."

The mystery fog began to lift. His rough and ready description was wonderfully like an impressionist's sketch of Mary Howison.

Then into the dust-shimmering end of the main street rode two figures side by aide; a young woman sitting her plate like one bred to the aaddle, and a young man whose pormal seat was the cushion of an engine cab—to wit, Mary Howison and our Teddy.

The Sheriff's chair came to the floor with a map.

"Ex-ouse me," he said, and vanished.

figure mounted on a hired back made a wide detour on the bare plain to hold them in view.

As I afterward learned, it was on this return to the ranch that Teddy put his fate to the touch.

It promised to be his last opportunity for a while. While in town he had been notified to hold himself in readiness to take out the westbound fast mail at midnight.

Now be the speaker fluent or tongue-tied such things as Teddy had to say do not utter themselves spontaneously. So it came to pass that fifteen of the thirty miles had been galloped over before he said haltingly:

"I guess you know why I was so struck on seeing you home to-night."

"How should I know?—except that I know you are always headstrong."

"Am I? It's part of a runner's nerve, I guess. Man has to have nerve if he's going to pound iron on the right-o'-way. Just the same, I haven't the nerve to say what I've been aching to say to you for a month back, Miss Mary.

She gathered her bridle reins and her gaze went afar over the dun hills yellowing under the western sun.

"I am glad you haven't," she rejoined slowly, not looking at him.

Larrison held his ground stolidly, chewing at his mustache.

"You mustn't come to the ranch any more," says she.

"You could have knocked me out with a bunch o' waste," said Teddy when he was telling me of it afterward. "Not come to see you any more?" says I. 'No,' says she.

"It's against the law to hang a man

to see you any more? says I. 'No,' says she.

"It's against the law to hang a man without tellin' him what for,' says I."

"It was just about then that we both saw a slouchy-looking chap riding by on top o' the rise. He was heading for the ranch, with the throttle wide open.

"If I should tell you what for,' says she, with a sort of slow fire in her eyes, 'you'd never want to see me again, Mr. Larrison.' And with that she hit the horse a lick and was gone."

That night it was the private opinion of the roundhouse force, more or lees publicly expressed, that Larrison's lay-off had ruined his temper beyond repair. And when the big eight-wheeler had been backed to her stand at the station, Teddy perched himself like a sulky boy on his box-seat and let the fireman oil around.

It was while he was sitting thus in sullen majesty that the incoming mail whistled. Above the din of shrilling brakes and drumming wheels, Larrison's ears caught another sound—the quick thuddings of unshed hoofs on the dry, hard soil of the mesa.

It was a moonless night, and the sheen

It was a moonless night, and the sheen

It was a moonless night, and the sheen of the electric headlight made everything Egyptian dark behind it. None the less, Larrison saw a horse picking its way across the tracks in the yard toward the cab of the 619.

When the horse came under the cab window he saw that it was ridden by a woman. His sullenness vanished like the mists of the morning when a voice well known and well loved came up to him out of the darkness:

"Is that you, Mr. Larrison?"

"You bet it's me; it's always me when you're the one that's askin," he rejoined promptly. "What's happened?"

"The worst that could happen," she quavered. "A man has come—from Tennessee—with a—a warrant. He is taking father to the train at Black Cafion, to carry him east by Maverick and the Short Line. He was afraid the boys might find out and overtake him if he came this way."

"Taking Bart Howison?—when he didn't

find out and overtake him if he came this way."

"Taking Bart Howison?—when he didn't want to go?" said Teddy, incredulous.

"Yes. Ah Ling, the cook, told me. Father was alone in the ranch house, and the man slipped up behind him. There was a fight.

Larrison was coolly disregarding the conductor's signal to go.

"What have they got against your father?"

"A charge of murder. But he is innocent, and—oh, Mr. Larrison, you must help me! He will never tell, and he will be lynched if they get him back to Bledso oounty!"

be lynched if they get him back to Bledso county!"

"I'm yours to command, same as ever," said Teddy lacenically. "What's your notion?"

"To go to Black Cañon on this train and head them off."

"What'll you do?"

"I—I'll tell Mr. Pettljoe who killed John Barnwell."

"Who was it?"

It is a hard thing for a woman to say to the man she loves that which she has reason to believe will slay his love for her. But she did it.

"It was—it was my cousin. We—we were engaged, and father tried to hush it up for my sake. When he found he couldn't

"It was—it was my cousin. We—we were engaged, and father tried to hush it up for my sake. When he found he couldn't do it, he let them think he was the guilty one and ran away. Now you know why you must help me this once, and then try to forget me.

Teddy fought his battle between two stuttering beats of the air pump.

"Tell me, Mies Mary; did you love that other fellow?" he said.

"I thought I did; and father thinks so yet. He will go to his death shielding Bud Parker for my sake. But I know now that I didn't—I never did."

Teddy's rejoinder was not in words. Reaching out of the cab window he swung her clear of the pinto's back and drew her up to the cushioned cab seat. Then he dropped from the gangway and collared me just as I was coming down from the superintendent's office.

What Theodore had to say to me was said in the cab of 619, after he had chucked me upon the fireman's box and was snatching the Fast Mail out over the switches. Mary Howison story was shouted into my ear, and this was the deduction from it." "You p'rade 'round here as the comp'ny lawyer; you're going to Black Cafon to find something wrong with this here Sheriff's papers. See?"

I "saw"—saw I was in for anything from picking a pocket to committing high treason. But hot being Mary Howison's lover I had hopes.

There was a blind siding three miles east of Plenck Coffon Unless I mistok my

hopes.

There was a blind siding three miles east of Black Canon. Unless, I mistook my man, Despatcher Perkins would order No. 8 onto this siding, where we would pass her at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and I should be well out of a bad business.

s onto this siding, where we would pass her at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and I should be well out of a bad business.

But my thinking mechanism ran no swifter than Theodore's. In a very few moments it became evident that he had sized the situation up to the same conclusion; and what steam and steel could do to forestall Perkins was going to be done in the racing interval.

Across the cab, lighted now by the bottle-green glow of the gauge lamp and now by the fierce glare from the open firedoor, was a picture to stir the genius of a Holbein. Larrison stood on the narrow running step, bracing himself against the lurch of the great engine by his grip on the throttle; statuesque, immovable, like a life-size figure done in ruddy bronze. Beyond him, her shoulder touching his, sat the girl, her hands tightly clasped over her knees, and the strained eagerness in her face matching Teddy's knitted brows.

Mile after mile shot backward beneath us. The powerful machine seemed to be doing its utmost; yet Larrison was still twitching nervously at the throttle.

I knew his purpose. There was but one night telegraph station between the Butte and Black Cahon. Once safely past Maverick without the detaining order, and we might make sure of finding No. 8 on the siding at Black Cahon.

Larrison strained every nerve—but the fates were against him. When we surged around the long curve which was the eastern approach to Maverick Junction, we all saw the red light signal "stop for orders."

The air was still whistling through the brakes when Hogan came running forward with the order. No. 8 would leave Black Cahon on time and would sidetrack for us at Blind Siding No. 2.

Larrison read the order by the light of the gauge lamp.

"I'm damned if she doe!" was all he siding and silly langed into metion like

I arrison read the order by the light of the gauge lamp.

"I'm damned if she does!" was all he said; and 619 leaped into motion like an angry thoroughbred under an unmerited cut of the whip.

"Larrison! What are you going to do?" I shouted.

"I'm goin' to shove 8 back into Black Cañon, 'r split her in two," he yelled.

"Study your piece. You're goin' to have to speak it."

I recall little of that nightmare flight beyond Maverick save the rattle and roar and the plunging rush. Only once did full-blood consciousness ascert itself; it was when we hammered over the switches of the yet unoccupied blind siding and rushed onward in the darkness to our doom.

When I opened my eyes again 619's

whistle was northing in demoniac shricks, and Larrison was twitching at the airbrake. Straight in front of us, the cone of its headlight merging fairly with ours, was No. 8.

I held my breath for the crash which should presently efface us. It did not come. Instead, the advancing headlight stopped, wavered and began to recede. Larrison had won the race.

A minute later we were at a stand beside the waiting passenger train, and he had pounced upon me with a savage oath.

"Down with you and speak your piece!" he roared. "I've done myself up for all time, and if you don't get Bart Howison loose now—"

I did not wait to learn the alternative. My man and his man were in the day coach, and I found them and went at my part in the affair like a bull at a gate. There was no other way.

"Your authority for this arrest Mr.

and I found them and went at my part in the affair like a buil at a gate. There was no other way.

"Your authority for this arrest, Mr. Pettijoe," I demanded.
What I fully expected to see was an authorization from the Governor of Wyoming honoring a formal requisition from the Governor of Tennessee. But what the country-bred Sheriff handed me was the requisition itself. It had never been presented to the Wyoming authorities, and so was utterly ineffective as a warrant for Howison's arrest.

I gave the paper back to the Sheriff and spoke to the cattle king.

"This man has no more authority to arrest you than I have."

"What's that ye say?" demanded the short-whiskered one, bounding to his feet.

"You heard what I said. That is merely a request from your Governor to ours—it isn't a warrant. Moreover, Mr. Howison is not the man you want. He did not kill John Barnwell, as we are now prepared to prove."

is not the man you want. He did not kill John Barnwell, as we are now prepared to prove."

Pettijoe was standing irresolute when Larrison and Mary came in. I knew what had happened before Teddy set it out in terse speech.

"Super's order No. 13: Engineer Hoskins transfers from Eight to the Mail; his fireman takes Eight to Maverick; and Ted Larrison gets the G. B. for runnin' against his orders," he said briefly. "Let's go and find us a couple of seats and sit down. Miss Mary's sort o' tired."

Howison looked at me and his harsh face softened for an instant. Later, when we were sitting behind the two younglings, and the rattle and roar of the wheels gave us isolation, he said soberly:

"I'm sorry—a whole lot."

"Because Ted has lost his job?"

"Naw. That good friend o' Bart Howison don't have to work for a maverick railroad outfit. But he ain't goin' to get what he did it for. Molly can't give him what she hasn't got. I wish to God she could!"

I laughed. "I shouldn't borrow any trouble on that score, if I were you. They've settled it between them. Your daughter was holding off for Ted's sake; not for Bud Parker's."

The old king of the range turned a lurid

Parker's."
The old king of the range turned a lurid

The old king of the range turned a lurid eye on me.

"Was, eh? She nev' let on to me."

"She wouldn't under the circumstances. Hadn't you stepped into the breach to save Parker's life?"

"Ya'as; but not for him; 'twas Molly I was thinkin' of."

"Precisely. But now?"

"Now, it's different. To-morrow the X-bar-X gets that little red-headed Irishman for its foreman; and the day Molly marries he'll be a side partner in the outfit. Savey? Lord, Lord; let's go back and hunt up the boofay man. Them two'll nev' miss us."

And they didn't.

MAGNATES THE GOLD BOOM MADE Some Queer Folks Who "Struck It Rich"

In the flush times in Colorado queer characters became rich in a day. One of the most picturesque of them was Pat Casey of Black Hawk. Pat was a day read nor write, and could hardly count. But when he was working on a little prospect hole one fine morning a single blast dis-closed a great vein of wonderfully rich gold ore and he became at once "Mr. Casey. His mine was one of the show places which tourists visited, and he himself was the greatest curiosity around the mine. and one of his foibles was to keep a pile of pencils on his table in the office of the mine. Whenever he saw strangers coming

He heard that there was such a thing as a diamond drill used in mining, but had not the remotest idea what it was, but he was with difficulty dissuaded from buying one, having got it into his head that it was used to discover diamonds in gold mines. There was an industrious couple named Flanagan in Black Hawk, who had been working away, in poverty, for years, the husband prospecting without finding any-thing and the wife supporting the family by taking in washing. One day her cus-tomers found themselves without clean linen and one of them went out to her cabin, up on the mountain side, to find out what the trouble was. He found her arrayed in all kinds of finery sitting on a wooden stool on the dirt floor of the log cabin. She received him with great cordiality, and produced champagne and cigars.

retired from business," said she.

There were in Leadville three brothers, prospectors, Gallagher by name, who had discovered a mine called the "Pine," or something like that, which suddenly turned out rich. They sold it, realizing about \$100,000 each. They had always been day laborers; had never had any money, and did not know the difference between \$100,000 and \$1,000,000. One of them, Pat, went down to Denver and put up at the Grand Central Hotel, kept by "Uncle Dave" Gage, ex-city treasurer of Chicago. Pat's principle ambition had always been to own

"My old man has struck it rich, so I have

ciple ambition had always been to own a gold watch, so the first thing he did was to go to the Denver Tisany's and buy six of the largest possible size, with a chain we thing about a pound.

Laving five of the watches in the hotel size, he sallied out to promote the circulation of currency, good fellowships and wet goods. When he came back the hotel clerk pointed out to him that his watch chain was hanging down and his watch was missing. He asked for another watch and it was given to him. But in trying to fasten it on the chain it slipped through his fingers and feli on the marble floor with a bang. Pat made several fruitless efforts to pick it up. Then he steadied himself against the counter and said:

"Never mind. Gimme 'nuther watch." Few of these men kept their money, and in most cases less than six months found them once more taking up, not the "shovel and the hoe," but the shovel and the pickaxe and returning to the night shift for their daily wags.

"Buy Chine and Class Right

FINE CHINA.RICH CUT GLASS **Annual Easter Sale** At New York's Great-

est Present Store. Messrs. HIGGINS & SEITER take pleasure in announcing their Annual Easter Sale, which will open on Monday, April 5th, and continue for one week.

Discriminating and careful buyers have learned to look forward to these events as the culminating opportunity of the year in which to purchase Fine China and Rich Cut Glass.

Nowhere else, of course, are such goods ever offered at such low prices, and not even here is there any time when they are less. This season the offerings far exceed those of any other, both in number and attractiveness. It was thought all-important that the reputation and popularity of the Store should keep pace with its enlargement of space and purpose, and that much would depend upon the success of the Easter Sale, which, in a way, is expected to strike the keynote of the season's business. Consequently the buying representatives of the firm, both at home and abroad, were nerved to do their best; profits have been scaled to the lowest figures or lost sight of altogether, and

The results will be made public Monday, April 5th

Appended are a few preliminary



Richly and deeply cut, handsomely polished flower centre, specially appropri-CENTRE. ate for this Easter season. Tankard shape, two quart, handsomely and Special celery tray for this sale \$2.75 each CELERY TRAYS.



Three handled beauti-CUT GLASS ful chrysanthemum cut, with fancy cut LOVING CUP. foot\$15.00 Extra good salad bowl, CUT GLASS SALAD BOWL. specially priced for this Easter sale, at \$2.75 each A most interesting collec-EASTER tion of cut glass veses for VASES. Prices ranging from.....\$2.35 to \$52.50 A special lot of very handsomely cut ice cream trays, ranging ICE CREAM

to the magnificent "Peerless" pattern We are showing the large-PUNCH est assortment of cut glass BOWLS. punch bowls that is to be seen anywhere in this city. Prices rang-ing for a handsomely cut 14-inch bowl at \$22.50 to \$225.00 for a footed punch

from one of Renaissance cutting at \$6.75

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GLASS etched border, 60 pieces, as SET. 12 Clarets. 12 Goblets. A special line of FANCY GLASS

glass vases has been imported for VASES. this Easter sale; prices range from 25 cents upwards. Our specially EASTER RABEIT designed Easter Rabbit plates. PLATES & MUGS.

Six patterns. \$4.59 dozen. Mugs to match. 7.20 " You are invited RICH ENGLISH to become so PLATES.

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